

## **strawberries & cigarettes always taste like you by intertwiningwords**

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**Summary:**

bev moves to hawkins and befriends another redhead.

## **strawberries & cigarettes always taste like you**

### **Author's Note:**

love this crossover and this ship.

Bev had started smoking at far too young of an age and found it hard to drop the habit. She vaguely remembered a boy back in Derry with thick glasses and a face full of freckles with whom she'd sit with and just talk, flopped back against the grass as the stench of cigarettes filled the air around them, occasionally coughing on their drags and teasing one another about it.

That boy was gone now, perhaps still in Derry or not, but still far both in the literal distance and in Bev's memory, his face clouded and his voice barely a whisper, but she knew his unabashed laughter in her dreams.

Indiana was nice, nicer than Derry at least. The town was cleaner and adults actually seemed to give at least half a fuck about their children, some more than others. Mike's parents, for instance, reminded her of that boy's, kind but a little absent. Although it was nicer, it was still familiar. Or, at least, as familiar as a faded memory could be.

Dustin's geeky nature and love for knowledge reminded her of another boy from Derry, minus the lisp and plus a few pounds perhaps, and she remembered his surprisingly soft lips against hers, but no matter how hard she strained, his name fell short in her brain.

Lucas was sassy yet serious, always a voice of reason yet still appropriately funny, like a boy with soft blond curls and a niche love for watching birds. She remembered him poking fun at his own faith and the determined expression that almost hid the fear in his eyes, but she knew he was terrified.

Will's soft, sweet nature was like a black boy who joined their little group late but completed them like a final puzzle piece.

Mike's meek leadership and impulsive decisions that are driven by

love reminded her of a stuttering boy whom she had also kissed as a goodbye she moved with her aunt to this town, this strange yet simple town.

El's fierce passion, love, and strength that hide behind her tiny demeanor reminded her a germaphobe she'd known, his bravery unexpected yet unmatched.

But of them all, Max was the one that reminded her of the boy with glasses that shared cigarettes with her. Her impulsive nature, her freckled face, and her musical laughter that she would recognize anywhere.

Max didn't smoke. Her brother did, so her clothes occasionally smelled like cigarettes, but she seemed to wrinkle her nose at the thought of putting a cancer stick between her lips. Bev was glad. People like Max, with bright spirits and beautiful smiles did not deserve yellowed teeth and blackened lungs.

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They were seventeen then, Bev's hair growing out and falling just to her shoulders while Max's flowed to her waist, though she always complained about it and longed to chop it off.

"You should," Bev said. "I mean, I did and I loved it. Short hair is so much easier to tame, and especially for the summer. I love getting it off my neck."

Max shrugged. "I feel like my parents would kill me."

Bev shrugged back. "So? That's never stopped you before."

Max grinned. "Good point."

"I could do it for you."

"Really?"

"Yeah. I usually cut my own."

“My hair is so much thinner than yours though, I don’t know if I’d look good.”

“If you cut it short it’ll actually look thicker. At least, that’s what my aunt says. Plus, you’ll give it a chance to grow back healthier.”

Max nodded, clearly pondering the idea. “Alright. Let’s do it.”

“You sure?”

“Yeah.”

Bev grinned. “Alright.”

A lot of scissor work later, Max’s ginger hair littered the floor of Beverly’s bedroom.

“You ready to see?”

“I think so.”

Max turned in her chair to gaze in Bev’s mirror, her mouth falling slightly open as she ran her fingers through her now chin-length hair, a bit choppy but shockingly good coming from someone with no professional experience.

“What do you think?”

“I love it,” Max said, a grin curling on her lips.

“Seriously?”

“Yes! It looks so good! Damn, Bev, you should be a hairdresser!”

Bev laughed, tucking a strand of her own hair behind her ear. “I’m glad you like it.”

Max leaned forward, wrapping her arms around Bev’s shoulders.

Neither of them could explain why their faces flushed as they pulled away.

Hawkins wasn't a very pretty place by any standard, but there were seldom places that Bev could stay forever and never get bored.

A little field around the block from her aunt's house, Bev would go there to think and sketch, or play her ukulele, or even just think. Then, she started bringing Max there.

A container of strawberries under one arm and a carton of cigarettes and a lighter tucked into her bra, Bev walked there and took a seat in the grass, the familiar sensation of grass ghosting over her bare legs as she lit a cigarette, her light coat of lipgloss staining the white paper with a faint pink line. Max arrived soon after on her skateboard. Her hair was pinned back behind her ears with colorful clips.

"Hey," she said.

"Hi," Bev replied, her lips twisting into a smile.

Max plopped down beside her, immediately taking a strawberry between her fingers and taking a bite of it with a satisfied hum.

Bev put out her cigarette, stomping on it with her battered, old combat boots.

"You didn't have to put it out," Max said softly. "You know I don't mind."

Bev shrugged. "My aunt says it's rude to smoke in front of people who don't do it. Plus, I wouldn't want you going home smelling like it and getting in trouble."

Max snorted. "My parents smell like it enough, they probably wouldn't even notice."

Bev shrugged.

"Bev, have you ever kissed anyone?"

“Yes,” Bev replied softly. The two boys back in Derry, as well as one boy since she’d moved to Hawkins, though it hadn’t been a very good one.

“This is gonna sound really weird, but...did you like it? Kissing, I mean.”

Bev shrugged. “I don’t know. I don’t really remember...That kid that kissed me at the dance though? That was bad,” she chuckled, shaking her head. “I guess I haven’t really enjoyed it.”

Max nodded. “I’m glad that Lucas and I are still friends. I just don’t think we worked very well together. And I don’t know if we’re both just inexperienced...But kissing him was fuckin’ weird.”

“It’s weird when you think about it? It’s just like, mouth sex.”

They both giggled before Max seemed to sober, pulling at the grass.

“Have you only ever kissed boys?” she asked softly.

“Yes. Why?”

“Have you...ever thought what kissing a girl would be like?”

Bev looked at her with soft blue eyes, her lips parting curiously. “I suppose I have. You know, wondered.”

Max looked relieved.

“Would you wanna try?” Bev asked.

“Huh?”

“Well, you said you were curious...And I am too. We could always...find out,” she suggested casually, though her heart was racing in her chest.

“Are you sure?”

“I wouldn’t have suggested it if I didn’t mean it.”

Max looked around nervously, but the street was seemingly deserted,

and the surrounding bushes and trees seemed to hide them from view if someone were to drive by.

She sighed and nodded.

Bev took her chin softly in her hands, leaning forward to press their lips together tentatively.

And Max kissed back, her hands resting on Bev's hips.

They remained like that for as long as they dared before pulling away, both breathless and flushed and a mix of elated and terrified.

"Wow," Max said breathlessly.

"Wow," Bev repeated, a small laugh escaping her.

The kiss had tasted of strawberries and cigarettes.

And although Bev missed her friends back in Derry, nothing could compare to kisses tasing like strawberries and cigarettes with Max. Absolutely nothing.

### **Author's Note:**

hope you enjoyed!! kudos/comments are appreciated.